A mery Rime.

When poore childer be pamperd
in ignorance and brauery:
Is it maruell afterwarde: if they
fall to knauery:

A gaynst good skoolemasters:
I speke not here one worde,
Nor agaynst good bochers: I had
leauer eate a T.D.R.D.

I wryte to such as be: frantike
or out of reason
Whom thynk skant worthy: to eat
a dyshe of peason.

As I stode in a place: peepyng
throughe certayne holes,
I sawe some so fumish: as though
they had eate hot coales.

Stand backe syr boy (sayd one)
I was here before thee,
As al the tankerd berers, can beare
record wyth me.

It is starke false (sayth Jacke)
it is true (sayth Gill)
whyle they two trye by the teeth,
some other struggell to fyll.

With heaue, shoue, to hym lad,
With wrastlyng by the locks,
Their noyse is like the crowing of
many fyghting Cocks.

O Lorde (thought I wyth myselfe,) Will ye neuer war more wise
But clitter, cletter, clatter, lyke a
sorte of gagling Ghise: